Naughty, Nasty Nancy
By Yu May

The living room was quiet except for the faint ticking of the grandfather clock in the corner. Nancy Nethers sat stiffly on the edge of the couch, her arms crossed tightly over her chest. Her mother, Clarise, stood by the fireplace, her expression a mix of disappointment and resolve. Her father, Edgar, leaned against the doorway, his arms folded as he watched the scene unfold.

"Nancy," Clarise began, her voice steady but firm, "do you understand why we're having this conversation?"

Nancy rolled her eyes, her signature move whenever she felt cornered. "Because I forgot to take out the trash? Or was it because I didn't finish my homework? Oh, wait—maybe it's because I breathed wrong at dinner. Honestly, it's hard to keep track."

Edgar sighed, pinching the bridge of his nose. "This isn't about the trash, and you know it. It's about the way you've been treating people—your teachers, your friends, even us. That attitude of yours is getting out of hand."

"Out of hand?" Nancy shot back, her voice dripping with sarcasm. "Oh, please. I'm just speaking my mind. Isn't that what you always tell me to do? 'Be honest, Nancy. Stand up for yourself, Nancy.' Well, guess what? I'm doing exactly that."

Clarise stepped forward, her gaze softening but still unwavering. "There's a difference between standing up for yourself and being disrespectful, sweetheart. You've been crossing that line a lot lately, and it's not okay."

Nancy flapped her lips, imitating a mewling kitten. "Mewl, mewl, mewl! Whatever! You're not the boss of me!"

Clarise was stunned into silence, but before Nancy could add further insults, her father stood up, glowering. Something about the way he seemed to fill the room gave Nancy pause. "Nancy, you will *not* speak to your mother that way, so long as you want to live in this house. We've talked about this before, and it's clear that talking isn't getting through. This isn't easy for us, but we love you too much to let this behavior continue. You just earned yourself a spanking with that little stunt."

Nancy's bravado faltered for a moment, but she quickly masked it with a smirk. "Oh, so now it's 'tough love' time? Great. Just what I needed."

"Yes, Nancy, tough love. We don't enjoy punishing you. We want you to grow into the best version of yourself, but that means holding you accountable when you mess up."

Nancy’s defiance wavered again, but she quickly rallied. "Fine. Whatever. Let’s just get this over with."

Ever since Nancy was a child, Clarise and Edgar had followed a similar strategy on the rare occasions they determined corporal punishment was necessary. Clarise always spanked Nancy first, followed by a second spanking delivered by Edgar. The point was to communicate a clear message to Nancy: both Mommy and Daddy are in this together.

Clarise exchanged a glance with Edgar before nodding."Alright. Let’s go."

Nancy’s heart raced as she reluctantly stood and allowed her mother to take her seat on the center of the sofa.

At the sight of her mother’s lap, Nancy hesitated, her cheeks flushing with a mix of embarrassment and defiance. "Seriously? This is so archaic," she muttered under her breath.

"Nancy," Clarise said, her tone leaving no room for argument. "Come here."

With a dramatic sigh, Nancy stepped forward, her stomach churning as she positioned herself over her mother’s knees. Before Nancy had time to get fully settled, the first swat landed with a sharp crack across the seat of her skirt. Nancy flinched, her fingers gripping the armrest. The sting was immediate, and she bit her lip to keep from crying out.

"Ow! Okay, okay, I get it!" Nancy exclaimed, her voice tinged with irritation.

"Do you?" Clarise asked, resting her other hand on Nancy’s back, before delivering another firm swat with her dominant hand. "Because your actions lately suggest otherwise."

Nancy squirmed, her pride warring with the growing discomfort. "Yeah, yeah, respect and all that. Can we speed this up?"

Clarise landed a particularly forceful spank, hard enough to make Nancy yelp. Then, Clarise patted Nancy’s bottom lightly for emphasis. "Your attitude isn’t helping your case, young lady."

Nancy groaned, her face burning. "Oh, come on. I’m just trying to lighten the mood!"

Edgar, who had been standing quietly by, stepped forward. "Nancy, this isn’t a joke. Your behavior has consequences, and it’s time you understood that."

Clarise resumed, the swats falling in a steady rhythm. Nancy clenched her teeth, her mind racing. Why do they have to make such a big deal out of everything? she thought, though a small voice in the back of her mind whispered that maybe, just maybe, they had a point.

The sting was building now, and Nancy's feet kicked involuntarily. "Okay, okay, I'm sorry! Can we stop now?"

Clarise paused again, her voice gentle but firm. "Sorry for what, Nancy?"

Nancy hesitated, her pride fighting a losing battle against the growing ache. "For… for being disrespectful," she mumbled.

Clarise nodded, giving her a few more measured swats. "Good. And?"

"...And for being a *brat*," Nancy sighed. She tried to make her voice sound as non-chalant and unaffected as possible, but as she felt her face burn with embarrassment, Nancy knew she was fooling nobody.

Clarise delivered 12 more crisp swats, and finally stopped when she heard Nancy howl in protest, kicking her feet meekly.

With a wry smile, Clarise helped Nancy to her feet. Nancy stood, wincing, and reached to clutch her bottom, before remembering that she was trying to play it cool and cavalier. Grimacing, Nancy awkwardly settled on rubbing her arms, avoiding eye contact. "Okay, I'm sorry. Are you happy?"

As her father stepped forward, and placed a hand on her shoulder, Nancy quailed. "No, Nancy. I am *not* happy that I have to spank you."

When she had said she was sorry, half of her had just wanted to pretend indifference, but the other half of her really meant it. As Nancy looked up at her father, she knew full-well another spanking was coming, and felt both halves of herself in conflict. She equally feared, and wanted, the spanking. She equally resented, and respected, her father. As she felt her complex feelings warring with one another, Nancy teared up. Now that pretending indifference had blown up in her face, she instinctively fell back on being "daddy's little girl" again. "Daddy? I'm sorry! I really am!"

Almost like a dance, Clarise stood up to allow her husband to sit, and Edgar gracefully took his place on the sofa, guiding Nancy across his knee, and hooking her legs firmly in place with his free leg. "Not yet, you're not."

As she felt her legs locked, and saw the couch cushions filling her vision, Nancy stiffened. Now that she was trapped, it was as if the spanking had ceased to be an external "thing" she could safely ignore, only to transform into "everything." Her entire reality was now: *spanking!*

"No, Daddy, No! Please, please, please, I'm–"

The first clap sent waves reverberating through her bottom, the thin cotton skirt providing no meaningful cushion whatsoever. “Yeaaaah-hoooow!”

That was enough to put a stop to Nancy’s crocodile tears. The tears that filled her eyes were all too real, and just as she finished her first, long, loud howl, the second spank landed with perfect timing.

“Guh! Ugh!” Nancy strained with all her might to kick free, only to find her legs pinned, immovable, at the knees. When the third spank landed, she launched her upper torso forward, like a sprinter at the starting line of a 100-meter dash, only to flop forward face first at the sound of the starting pistol.

As Nancy’s rump bucked up and down wildly, albeit uselessly, across his knee, Edgar shook his head and adjusted his position, releasing his leg lock on Nancy’s legs so he could balance her across one knee. “Nancy, hold still.”

Not quite in the mood to be reasoned with, Nancy kicked her feet wildly. “Nooooo–oh!”

The fourth spank cut off her final, trailing cry of protest. This time, when Nancy bucked, her legs locked straight at the knees, dangling in the air for a few precious seconds, before she felt gravity taking its toll on her. It was as if she had just run a 100-yard-dash after all. As she took a shuddering breath, Nancy felt a cool breeze brush against her lower cheeks. As she felt her skirt folded against the small of her back, Nancy knew what to expect without looking, but she glanced over her shoulder anyway. “...Oh…noooooo...”

Out of the corner of her eye, Nancy could just make out the waistband of her charcoal grey panties. Clarise tittered sweetly. “Oh my, I remember getting you those. You were in junior high! I’m surprised you still have them!”

Without being able to see them, Nancy remembered with a pang of horror that she was wearing an old pair of Kim-Possible-themed panties today. Mom had tried to throw them out a couple years ago only for Nancy to rescue them from the trash, insisting they were good luck. They bore the slogan: “So, What’s the Sitch?”

Dad’s palm came down squarely across the center of Nancy’s buttocks, covering the entire surface area of the slogan. Nancy’s tears returned, and she wept freely. Having spent her energy in her previous struggle, Nancy lay obediently, though not quietly, across her father’s thigh. After ten slow spanks, her cries built to ugly, broken sobs. After another twenty, brisk spanks, her sobs melted into blubbering, gulping gasps for air. After another thirty, lightning-fast spanks, Nancy managed one final, woeful wail of despair, arching her back, before she collapsed back into position. Now that she felt more like she had run a marathon, not just a 100-meter dash, Nancy lay meekly across her daddy’s knee. In response he slowed the pace slightly, as if coming in for a landing. After 20 more of the brisk spanks, Nancy was crying softly again, but without the panicked quality from before. After 10 final, slow, deliberate spanks,

Nancy's cries had died down. She whimpered and sniffled between the last few spanks, and finally hiccuped, before Edgar landed a final, resounding clap to act as a memorable finale.

He let Nancy catch her breath, before propping her up to sit on his lap. Between hiccups, Nancy stammered out an apology, praying she wasn't in for another round of spanking. "I'm…I'm sorry…*Hic*...really sorry, Daddy."

As Nancy returned his hug, Edgar patted his daughter gently, between her shoulder blades. "I know you are. Now, what do you say to your Mother?"

Blinking back the last remnants of her tears, Nancy twisted to face her mother, still clutching to her daddy. "M'sorry, Mommy. I was…a total jerk to you!"

Edgar chuckled. "We're proud of you for admitting that, Nan. It's not easy to own up to your mistakes, but it's an important step."

Nancy nodded, her throat tight. Now that the spanking was over, her embarrassment was returning, with a vengeance. "...Yeah, I guess."

Edgar gave her a small smile. "We love you, kiddo. This isn't about making you feel bad—it's about helping you grow."

Nancy looked up at him, her eyes still glistening from her previously shed tears. "I know. I just… I don't like feeling like I messed up."

Clarise sat beside them, and pulled Nancy into a hug, her voice soft. "Nobody does, sweetheart. But the important thing is what you do next. Learn from this, and do better. That's all we ask."

Nancy buried her face in her mother's shoulder, the last of her defiance melting away. "I'll try," she whispered.

After what seemed like hours, Nancy pulled away and headed for the stairs, feeling a strange mix of emotions—relief, guilt, and a quiet determination to do better. She paused halfway up and turned back, her trademark smirk flickering to life. "Just so you know, though, I'm totally getting you back for this, come April Fool's Day!"

Edgar laughed outright this time. Ever since Nancy was a kid, April Fool's Day had gradually become a spectacular battle of wits for the household. "We'll take our chances."

As Nancy disappeared upstairs, Clarise and Edgar exchanged a look—part exasperation, part affection. Raising a spirited, quick-witted teenager was no easy task, but they wouldn't have it any other way.

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Nancy closed her bedroom door behind her with a soft click, the weight of the afternoon pressing heavily on her shoulders. She stood still for a moment, her back against the door, and let out a long, shaky breath. The sting from her punishment still lingered, a persistent reminder of the conversation—and chastisement—she'd just endured.

She crossed the room to her dresser, where a small mirror sat propped against the wall. Turning slightly, she glanced over her shoulder and lifted her skirt, her cheeks flushing as she caught sight of her reflection. Below the line of her Kim Possible panties, splotchy red marks were clearly visible, a stark contrast to her otherwise pale skin. She winced, not just from the physical discomfort but from the memory of her own bratty behavior that had led her to this moment. "Okay, yeah, I definitely earned that."

Her stomach twisting with a mix of guilt and resignation, she traced a finger along the edge of the mirror, her mind racing. It wasn't the first time she'd been disciplined, but it was the first time she'd really stopped to think about why.

Her parents' words echoed in her head: "We love you too much to let this behavior continue." At the time, she'd brushed it off with her usual sarcasm, but now, alone in her room, the words hit differently. They weren't just trying to control her or ruin her fun—they genuinely cared. And that realization made her feel even worse.

Nancy sat down on the edge of her bed, her hands clasped tightly in her lap. She replayed the events of the past few weeks in her mind: the snarky comments to her teachers, the eye rolls at her parents, the way she'd dismissed her friends' concerns with a flippant remark. She'd thought she was just being funny, just being herself. But now, she couldn't ignore the truth: she'd been a brat. A total brat.

She flopped back onto her bed, staring up at the ceiling. "Why do I always have to push things so far?" she wondered, frustration bubbling up inside her.

She hated feeling like she'd let people down, especially her parents. They weren't perfect, but they were always there for her, always trying to guide her. And how had she repaid them? By being sarcastic, disrespectful, and downright difficult.

The sting from her punishment flared up again as she shifted on the bed, and she groaned, rolling onto her side. Okay, lesson learned, she thought, her cheeks burning. No more smart aleck back talk. No more eye rolls. No more being a jerk just because I can.

She sat up abruptly, her resolve hardening. She didn't like the way she'd been acting, and she didn't like the way it made her feel—guilty, ashamed, and, worst of all, like she was letting herself down. She wasn't sure how to fix it yet, but she knew she had to try. For her parents. For her friends. For herself.

Nancy stood and walked back to the mirror, this time meeting her own gaze head-on. “You’re better than this,” she said quietly, her voice firm. “You can do better.”

She took a deep breath, squaring her shoulders. It wasn’t going to be easy—old habits died hard, and her quick wit was as much a part of her as her messy hair or her love of cheesy rom-coms. But she could channel it differently. She could be funny without being hurtful. She could stand up for herself without tearing others down. She could be Nancy without being a brat.

A soft knock on the door pulled her from her thoughts.

Her mom’s voice called gently from behind the door. “Nan? Can I come in?”

Nancy hesitated for a moment before answering. “Yeah, sure.”

Clarise opened the door, her expression warm but cautious. “How are you doing?”

Nancy shrugged, her gaze dropping to the floor. “Okay, I guess. I’ve been… thinking.”

Clarise stepped inside, closing the door behind her. “About what?”

Nancy mumbled, before clearing her mind and speaking firmly, “About… everything. About how I’ve been acting. And how I don’t want to be that person anymore.”

Clarise’s face softened, and she crossed the room to sit on the edge of the bed, beside Nancy. “Oh, sweetheart. We all make mistakes. What matters is what you do next.”

Nancy nodded, her throat tight. “I know. And I’m going to do better. I promise.”

Clarise reached out, brushing a strand of hair from Nancy’s face. “We know you will. And we’re so proud of you for recognizing that you need to make a change. That’s not easy to do.”

Nancy managed a small smile, her eyes glistening. “Thanks, Mom. And… I’m sorry. For everything.”

Clarise pulled her into a hug, her arms warm and reassuring. “We love you, Nancy. Always.”

Nancy hugged her back tightly, the last of her defenses crumbling. “I love you too…Is Dad coming to talk to me?”

Clarise glanced to the window. “He’s…taking a walk. He really hates having to punish you. I remember he was upset for a week the first time he had to spank you. I just think he needs to clear his mind.”

As Nancy hung her head, snuggled up next to her to whisper in her ear. “But I’m sure he’ll be happy to talk to you when he gets back. Your punishment is over, so when you’re ready, feel free to come down and join us. I’ll make a brownie sundae. We can at least end a bitter day on a sweet note!”

Nancy nuzzled close as she accepted the gesture. “...That sounds wonderful.”

As her mom left the room, Nancy felt a strange sense of peace settle over her. The sting from her punishment was already fading, but the lesson it carried would stay with her. She wasn’t perfect, and she never would be. But she was determined to try her best. And for the first time in a long time, she felt like she was on the right path.

The End

[Author’s note: The first draft of this story was a result of a chatlogs with Deepseek. I edited and added details to the final version.]

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